

Oh! no-we never mention Her.

as Sung by.

Miss Stephens.

VOICE.

*mf e tenuto molto.*

LARGHETTO

ESPRESSIVO.

*rf*

\*\*\* This Ballad may be had in the Original Key of E.  
And also, as sung by Miss Love.

him, His

Oh! no, we never mention her, Her name is never heard; My

lips are now for-bid to speak, That once fami-liar word: From sport to sport they

hurry me, To banish my re-gret; And when they win a smile from me, They

*mf* *p*

*Ad lib.*

think that I for-get!

*mf e sempre ten.* *sfz* *p* *Stent.*

Oh! no, we never

2<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that others see; But

were I in a foreign land, They'd find no change in me: 'Tis true that I be...

...hold no more, The valley where we met, I do not see the hawthorn tree. But

*Ad lib.*  
how can I for-get?

Oh! no — we never.

3<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

For oh! there are so many things, Re-call the past to me; The

breeze upon the sunny hills, The bil-lows of the sea: The ro...sy tint that

decks the sky, Be-fore the sun is set, Aye ev'ry leaf I look upon For

*Ad lib.*  
...bids me to for-get!

Oh! no... no never.



4<sup>th</sup> VERSE. <sup>he</sup>  
 They tell me she is happy now, The gay-est of the gay; They

<sup>he</sup>  
 hint that she for-gets me, But heed not what they say; Like

<sup>he</sup>  
 me perhaps she struggles with Each feeling of re-gret, But

<sup>he</sup> <sup>He</sup>  
 if she loves, as I have lov'd, She never can for-get!

Oh! no — we never.

STRIPPY DOUGLASS  
 SOLOIST  
 LONDON